

The Student's Pen



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PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

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"The Pen is mightier than the Sword"

The Student's Pen

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School Spirit

What are you doing to help along school spirit in Pittsfield High? Are you one of the people who run down the school by saying, "There's never anything doing. The pupils over there don't stick together." Why don't you turn from a crab into a leader. It's up to you. The very reason that Pittsfield High doesn't win in athletic fields is because you are not there to rouse the spirits of the players. After a game you go home and say, "Usual thing, Pittsfield High lost."

I wish your parent would say, "Lost! whose fault is it but yours. See here, young man, unless you come home the next time Pittsfield High plays and say, 'Pittsfield High has won, partly because I did my share by cheering loud and long,' I refuse to give you any supper." That would produce results and I have a mind to urge the parents of our pupils to do that very thing.

K. E. Drennan

Cleanliness

Have you ever stopped to think to what use we could *all* adopt this word in the present Pittsfield High School? There is a great deal of talk about a new high school in Pittsfield, but talk is cheap. Furthermore it will be quite sometime before we get one. But why not try to take care of our present home? It is better to live in a clean school than a dirty one any day. Talk about the unsanitary conditions of our school. They could be improved 75% if the present pupils practised using the word cleanliness, which is next to godliness, extensively. In conclusion I think that you will all *unanimously* agree with me.

William H. Barnes, P. H. S. '21

Don't Be a Knocker

At least eighty per cent of the people in this world are "knockers", five per cent are uninterested and the other fifteen per cent are workers. Now you do not wish to be a "knocker", a person who is never satisfied, a person who is always criticizing. The outcome of "knocking" is "calamity breeding" and in Europe it resulted in Bolshevism. Naturally no one wants to be uninterested for uninterested people don't know whether they are satisfied or not and don't care. But you do or should wish to be a worker, a constructor and a builder. While of course it is not possible for us all to be constructors in the direct sense it is within the reach of all to be constructors indirectly, by helping and standing behind the builders. Anybody can destroy, but only a few can create or build and then only by hard work. One of the great differences between God and man is that while man is able to destroy, God alone is able to create. So let us all stop knocking and support those who are trying to help us. What is the use of picking out some little thing against a person, generally some petty personal reason, and putting it against everything that person has done. What does it matter if Mr. Wilson did marry twice or that Mr. Hulsman stops dances at twelve o'clock? They are trying to help us, and they do, and it is the same with most of the other people around us. So stop trying to pick things to pieces and start patching up flaws, and work.

T. J. K. '21

Pop's Day of Rest

It was a holiday and Pop planned to enjoy a good rest. The preceding night he had purchased a box of the best cigars, two magazines and three papers. Now, he awoke with a sense of satisfaction. He would use the parlor. That was a warm, sunny room, away from everyone. So slipping into his moccasins, and donning his red dressing robe, with the box of cigars under his arm, and his reading material, he proceeded to the parlor. But too late, Jimmie was there before him and was already thumping the piano for his daily practise. Pop sat impatiently till Jimmie was through, gave him a quarter and told him to "beat it."

"Oh, Pop," sang Mary Jane, running in and catching her unwilling parent by the arm, "come and see the parade."

By this time the rest of the family came flying to the parlor windows, and Pop had the time of his life trying to get rid of them.

After he was nicely settled, Maw came in to dust the parlor. Then Miss McGinnis called to gossip about Mrs. Sander's tea, and Pop beat a hasty retreat. Miss McGinnis said she could stay for only "five minutes" but it was more like two hours, thought Pop.

When he was once more comfortably fixed in came Bobbie howling lustily that Tommie Jones had "tooken" his penny. Pop was very angry at this interruption, but his heart melted at the sight of his young son's distress.

It took three stories and a nickel to comfort Bob and then dinner was announced.

Strange to tell, Pop ate heartily, and straightway sought the parlor, while the rest of the family prepared for the "movies". He saw his opportunity for a quiet afternoon and flatly refused to accompany them. When the family had departed, Pop was so relieved that he fell asleep only to be awakened by the telephone.

"Pardon, sir," came the operator's voice, "We were only testing your bell."

Pop was so furious he almost broke the telephone.

He was in the midst of "A Romance of the Sea" when the doorbell rang. He was tempted not to answer it, but if it was anything important what would Maw say?

It was the postman with a letter from Aunt Eliza. Pop tore it open and then cursed himself for his indiscretion. Aunt Eliza was coming on the four o'clock train.

Nothing remained but to meet her. Why the dickens didn't he go to the "movies" with the kids? Then there would have been no one to meet the old lady, and she would have taken the next train to Vermont in a high dudgeon.

He didn't care about her coin. It was Maw,—but Pop did as Maw said.

But ten minutes remained, when he was ready.

Dodging in and out among the traffic, Pop arrived at the station, fifteen minutes later than the train. There was Aunt Eliza, and in no gentle mood.

First he tried excuses, but the old lady wouldn't have them. Then he tried to soothe her ruffled feelings, but she told him to keep his mouth shut. And so Pop listened all the way home, until she had spent herself. Upon their arrival she was just coming around nicely.

"What's the matter, William?" she demanded regarding her nephew critically for Pop was frantically searching his pockets.

"The key," he groaned tragically, "I've lost the key."

Whereon Aunt Eliza completely forgot herself and called Pop everything from a "low down insect" to a "half-balanced fool."

Pop succeeded in partly raising the window, and Aunt Eliza, suit-case in hand, attempted to crawl through. After much squeezing and pushing and pulling, (for Aunt Eliza is rather stout) a much bruised old lady reached the other side, and there awaited Pop in a terrible state.

Just then the rest of the family appeared and Aunt Eliza met them with a torrent of words.

"And," concluded she, shaking her suit-case menacingly at the bewildered family, "Not one penny from me will any of you ever see." and therewith departed for Vermont.

And Pop who is by nature of a cherubic temperament swore fiercely.

Now may be found on his list of morals: "Never Rest on a Holiday."

Mildred A. Higgins '21

The Pleasures of Walking

Walking is perhaps the only pastime which is enjoyed by persons of all ages, classes, and conditions. The baby who toddles by his mother's side, the school boy who hikes with his comrades, the man who tramps for miles in search of game, and the grandfather who shuffles down the street, all derive pleasure from it. The poor boy climbing the hills around his home has quite as good a time as the millionaire scaling the snowy summits of the distant Alps. The frail girl may stroll along smooth paths, while the vigorous athlete may make his way through swamps and forests, fields and streams.

Walking is in season the year round. In winter the walker goes into the country. He feels the cold sting of the snow on his face and fills his lungs with the keen, refreshing air. He wades through the drifts and battles with the wind. In the woods he wanders beneath the arches of the trees, with their branches laden with snow. He sees the tracks of birds and animals and the

tunnels of the field mice. Or perhaps he climbs to the top of some mountain and beholds the frozen ponds and the blue and white hills below him.

When the warm spring sun has melted the snow, the walker goes forth and treads again on the good soft earth, that he has not felt under his feet for many months. He must pick his way carefully, for the country roads are rivers of mud, and the ground near the brooks is boggy and treacherous, but that is part of the fun. If he admires waterfalls, this is the time for him to see them, before the heat of July has dried up the streams.

In summer the walker feels most inclined to go outdoors. He may ramble through the cool, green woods to the shore of some forest encircled lake, or he may toil and sweat up a mountain side, where the thorns scratch his limbs and tear his clothes. In the evening he may climb leisurely to a neighboring hilltop, there to eat his simple meal, while he watches the sun sink slowly in the west and the valley change to green and purple twilight.

But the best days for walking are in the fall. Then it is neither so hot as in summer, so cold as in winter, nor so wet as in spring. The smooth, dry roads and the leaf covered paths tempt one on and on. To walk for hours through the bracing autumn air, and then to come home to a hot bath, a good supper, and a comfortable bed is a pleasure that must be experienced to be appreciated.

John A. Frank

False Alarm!

For a whole week, William Glubb, Sr., had closeted himself in his room twenty-two hours every day, the remaining two being devoted to eating. One morning he came down to breakfast with a pale, haggard face. The meal was eaten in silence. When he had finished, Glubb returned to his room shutting and locking his door.

As his strange actions worried his better half and his children, William, Jr., and Margaret, they decided to find what was the cause of his worry. Mrs. Glubb who was unanimously chosen to undertake the mission, went upstairs to his room, timidly knocked on the door, and inquired if he were sick. But William, Sr., emitted a yell that sent Mrs. Glubb flying down the stairs, with a strong conviction that married life is not all "sitting on a cushion and sewing a fine seam."

When the bold adventurer arrived back from her journey, William Jr., and Margaret begged her to tell them the news, no matter how terrible it might be.

"Dear, dear," sobbed Mrs. Glubb, "your father is worrying over a big

business deal—I know he is—and if it fails we'll—be—disgraced. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Awful! awful!" shrieked Margaret, "I'll be disgraced in the eyes of my schoolmates, and a month from tonight I graduate! Oh! Oh!"

"That's right," her brother burst out, "think of yourself always; never think of others. I'll be in Dutch with Molly. I promised her a ride in the runabout that pa was surely going—"

"Practice what you preach, children," interrupted Mrs. Glubb, "why not think of me? I was to go to a reception in honor of Count DuBlois tomorrow evening at the Van Deusen's. My dress and opera cloak are at the tailor's, and his system is 'cash on delivery.' "

Footsteps sounded on the stairs, and father came down. He, going straight to the library, did not notice the little group.

"Let's go into the parlor," suggested William Jr., "we can watch his actions from there."

So the meeting adjourned to the parlor, where the three took up their stand behind some portieres. William Sr. was walking swiftly around the room, holding his watch in his hands. Every few minutes he would mutter words which Saint Peter would not have accepted as passwords to Heaven, and then he would say: "It will come out. It can't help but come out. It must come out," while the three behind the portieres would whisper and wail: "He means our disgrace will come out in the papers. Oh! Oh!"

Suddenly, William Sr. yelled: "It's out!" and dashed out of the room, colliding with the faithful sentinels. But he rushed on, overcoming all obstacles. Outdoors he rushed, and returned in five minutes, smiling.

"It's out," he shrieked. And the three began to wail and moan.

"What's the matter?" asked Glubb.

"It means—DISGRACE!" answered the three.

"You're crazy!" shouted Glubb, "it means our fortune! I have brought a chicken out of its shell by electricity. My invention will be a step towards the electrification of the world!"

The sudden onslaught forced a call for reinforcements in the form of smelling salts for Mrs. Glubb and Margaret, while from William came a yell that would have made any Indian specializer in warwhoops jealous.

Mother went to the reception the next night in a costume which consisted of a dress so bespangled that Tiffany's diamonds placed beside it would have faded into insignificance, and of an opera cloak that the Queen of England would have envied.

William Jr. got his runabout, and took Molly riding, as a result of which the street sprinklers had to work day and night.

And last, but not least, when graduation night came, Margaret, after

giving the salutatory, burst into a brilliant essay on "The Electrification of the World," while her father, in the audience, sat back and smiled.

Edward J. Hickey, '23

I

If I were a poet
What wouldn't I do
To try make this paper
Mean something to you.

II

If I were an author
I know what I'd do
I'd pen all my stories
And send them to you.

III

If I were an artist
With fingers so nimble
I'd send all my pictures.
No matter how simple.

IV

If I were a humorist
Or something as grand
I'd keep you in jokes
To beat the band.

V

As long as I'm nothing
But just plain me,
I'll send you this nonsense
Without any fee

Mary Linnehan

Mr. Peasly Favors Nellie

"It is strange what an amount of trouble may be caused by a little thing."

For Sale—A 1917 model Ford touring car, in fine shape.

Price only \$250. Write or see Frank Larton, Hayseed City, Maine, for full particulars.

The above advertisement appeared in **The Countryville Banner**, said by the proprietor to be the "biggest, brightest, and best," for many miles around. Mr. Peasly was one of this paper's subscribers.

"Look here, B'linda," exclaimed Joshua.

"What's the trouble now?" asked his wife.

"Wa-al, you know Nellie's gettin' old, and it's hard for her to drag us around all the time. She's old," said the kind-hearted Maine farmer.

"Yes, Nellie is a bit old, and it might be a good idea to buy a younger horse. Then Nellie wouldn't have it so hard," replied Mrs. Peasly, who evidently did not see her husband carefully re-reading the advertisement of a Ford for sale.

"But horses are awful high now," argued Mr. Peasly.

"So's everything else," answered Belinda.

"Wa-al," said Joshua, "I dunno. I see by this paper that Fords are only two hundred and fifty dollars."

"It's enough for them crazy things!"

"Wa-al, to my way of thinking, they're purty good," went on Mr. Peasly.

"Not my way," answered Belinda.

Mr. Peasly was getting nervous. The statements from his wife were not very comforting.

"Wa-al," said he, "I guess I'll buy this Ford that's advertised instead of a new horse!" He went straight to the point.

"Who's selling it?" A question from his wife that startled and gave him courage at the same time. Surely, she must have seen that ad.

Not to tire you with all they said, I will only say that it was decided that Josh should go to Hayseed City and (as Mrs. Peasly's sister lived in that city) his wife would in two days go to the city with the "seedy" name, and Josh would drive Mrs. Peasly and her sister back.

* * *

"Wa-al, then, I guess mebbe I'll take your car," announced Josh to Mr. Larton after hearing of all the good features, the other kind not being mentioned.

"Yes, sir! I'll take you out and give you a lesson if it's convenient for you," said the seller of the car.

"Wa-al, it might be a good idea for me to learn a little about the machine," answered Mr. Peasly.

After about two hours, Mr. Peasly had learned quite a little about the Ford he owned.

* * *

It was a beautiful morning when Mr. Peasly was to drive his wife and sister-in-law to Countryville.

"All in?" asked he.

"All right," answered Jane, his wife's sister.

"Be sure and go slow an' don't forget to blow the horn when you go 'round a curve," warned Belinda Peasly who was in the back seat with Jane.

Mr. Peasly grasped the crank and gave it a sharp spin. A tiny response sounded from the motor.

"Shove up the thing on the wheel, quick!" cried out Josh.

"Which one? The big or little one?" screamed his wife, eager to start.

"Chug!" The tiny response was gone.

"Wa-al, that's nice!" exclaimed Mr. Peasly.

He again grasped the crank. A passerby hurriedly stopped him.

"Hey!" cried the passerby. "You're not cranking it right! You might have broken your arm the way you were doing it!"

"I knew this would kill you!" was Mrs. Peasly's cheerful speech to Josh.

"Wa-al, I dunno, everyone will make a mistake, won't they?" asked he of the passerby.

"Sure," answered he. "Would you let me start it for you?"

"Yes! Please do!" cried out Mrs. Peasly.

"Chug, chug, chug," from the motor.

"Thanks, young feller. Now we'll be starting, folks," announced Mr. Peasly to the two in the rear of the car.

A louder "chug" and they were on their way to Countryville.

"Wa-al, it's a nice day for a ride," called out Joshua from the front seat.

"Yes, 'tis," answered Jane.

"Here's a curve! Blow the horn!" cried out his wife.

Mr. Peasly reached for the horn, losing his hold on the wheel. The car started slowly but surely for the ditch.

"Help!" cried Jane.

"Toot, toot," from the horn.

"Get out of the ditch! Help!" a cry of startling nature from Belinda.

"Help! Help!" echoed Jane.

Mr. Peasly swung the car back into the road. Probably he was wishing that the back seat was not there.

"Oh! I'll have heart failure before I get home!" announced Mrs. Peasly, who had a firm hold of the car.

"Well, of course you have to get used to it," comforted her sister, who by this time, was also afraid of heart failure.

"Wa-al, I might do better if you two wouldn't holler quite so much," said Joshua, having a firm hold on the wheel.

The next fifteen or twenty minutes passed pleasantly. Mrs. Peasly's heart failure was vanishing, Miss Jane's hold had been loosened, and the driver's courage had revived. But—

A great hill suddenly rose up ahead of the tourists. Mr. Peasly did not get a very good start, therefore when he was but a short distance up the hill—chug!

"Huh! I forgot to shift!" exclaimed Mr. Peasly, putting on the brakes as the car started down the hill.

"What'd you stop for?" asked his wife.

"I couldn't help it!" shouted Josh.

"Well, I guess we'll never get home," was Mrs. Peasly's woesome prediction.

Soon, after much fussing, the Ford went "over the top."

A sigh of relief from Jane and her sister.

"Wa-al, I think this car'll be a great help to me on the farm," announced Mr. Peasly.

"Oh! You'll get a lot of comfort out of it," assured Jane. "The Thomp-sons next door, bought one last year and Susie was sure that she wouldn't ride in it, but after she took one ride, you couldn't keep her out of it. Now she drives it herself, and she goes awful fast. Only a few days ago she went around a corner and ran into a big moving van. Her car—oh my!—that wind is strong—was all smashed up. Oh, you'll get a lot of comfort from it!"

"Wa-al, I dunno as I want *that* kind of comfort," answered Joshua.

"This is a nice road! How level! I don't mind riding on this kind of a road at all! It's so straight! One feels a lot safer on this kind of a road," said Mrs. Peasly, whose grip on the car was entirely gone.

"Yes, it is nice, but—," started Joshua.

Pop! A loud crack like the shot of a revolver!

"Gracious! What's that?" shrieked Jane.

"Stop the thing!" cried Belinda.

The car was brought to a stop. Mr. Peasly jumped out and cried:

"The tire's flat!"

"Oh! I can imagine us ever getting home!" sneered his wife.

"Wa-al, you kin walk if you want to, B'linda," suggested Mr. Peasly, taking off the tire.

Twenty minutes later and Mr. Peasly had just completed the task of changing the tire.

"Wa-al, I dunno but we're lucky at that, 'cause if I didn't have an extry tire I would have had to fix it and then blow it up."

"I should think it *did* blow up," retorted Belinda Peasly.

Again the tourists started. Mrs. Peasly was nothing less than disgusted.

"I ain't goin' to say a thing," she declared. "Every time I say we're goin' along good something happens."

"Won't Pete Forman think we're swell when he sees us go by the post office!" chuckled Joshua.

"I don't think he'd think we were swell if he was with us," retorted Mrs. Peasly.

"Everyone has their troubles—wow! Turn out! You'll kill that hen! Oh! That hen came right out in front of us! I thought sure we had her!" shrieked Jane.

"Wa-al, if we killed her we'd have a chicken dinner tomorrow," replied Mr. Peasly.

"I never saw anyone like you," scolded Belinda.

"Mebbe not," answered Joshua.

The rest of the trip as far as the outskirts of Countryville was made with a few "heart failures" on the part of Mrs. Peasly. A few thrillers also took place, but they were very small matters; such as going through a herd of cattle, one cow of which knocked the glass out of one of the headlights. This produced for Mrs. Peasly, a sensational "heart failure."

A few sharp "chugs" and the engine stopped.

"An' we're nearly home!" exclaimed Mrs. Peasly in deep disgust.

Mr. Peasly pattered around for a few minutes. Then he looked up and said,

"Out of gasoline!"

"Well, that's nice," answered Belinda.

To end this short and solemn tale I will say that the car was towed to the Peasly home (by no other than Nellie), and the trip of twenty-five miles had taken exactly (by daylight saving time) from ten thirty a. m. to five o'clock p. m.

In the next edition of "that terrific paper" **The Countryville Banner** there appeared an advertisement, somewhat similar to one which had appeared a few days before:

For Sale—A 1917 model Ford touring car, in fine shape.

Price only \$200. Write or see Joshua Peasly, Countryville,

for full particulars.

John J. Connors '23

The Raid

At twilight, in the airdrome of Aero Squadron 493, there was great activity. Mechanics hurried here and there, tightening struts, testing the motors, fixing bombs on the under-carriage of the big two-seater Nieuports, and

making everything in perfect order for the big raid on Delbrun, a large town near the German border. When everything was ready, the pilots looked over their machines, to see that all was attended to. Among these men were James Weller, known to the squadron as "Jim", and Harry Martin, known as "Mart." These two were to fly together in a Nieuport, and as they climbed into their machine, they looked about them. All around were the other planes, similar to theirs, but bearing different numbers.

Jim seated himself, gave the engine the spark, cried "Contact!" to the mechanic, who gave the big propellor a twirl, and they were off. With a rush and a roar, the big engine speeded up, until the plane was going along the ground at about forty miles an hour. The machines took off, one after another, and headed straight for Germany. They passed over the lines with German "Archies" firing at them, but, as they were flying at eight thousand feet, they were unharmed. No enemy machines coming near, they soon were over their objective. Picking out the railroad station and ammunition storehouses, the location of which they knew, they loosed their bombs. A blinding flash, and a terrific explosion which rocked the planes announced a bulls-eye.

When they turned to go back, it was getting late, and they hurried. While passing over an enemy airdrome, an Archie took some shots at them. One burst uncomfortably close to Weller's machine. He moved his control-stick to put his machine on a level, but to his dismay they would not work! His rear controls had been blown off by the shell! He went down in a nose dive, and landed on the earth with a crash. Everything went black, and when he awoke a little later, he was in a little grove. Mart was throwing cold water in his face. He sat up, then stood up, bracing himself against a tree. He seemed to have no injuries, and told Mart so. The two then began to wonder how they could escape. At last they conceived a daring plan, which might result in their death, but which they were determined to try.

They saw, off toward the east, a searchlight's glare. Moving cautiously in that direction, they came upon the airdrome from which they had been shelled. All the machines were in the air after the raiders. They crept up to the side of the big building, or rather the top, for the airdrome was underground. With their guns ready they searched for the door. Finding it, they walked in, making no noise. A minute more, and they were in the hangar, where the planes were housed. They hid themselves in a dark corner, and waited. Soon the machines of the Huns came back. The major was talking about the two who had been brought down. The Germans had found the wreck of the machine, but no sign of the pilots. In a little while all was quiet, the men going to their bunks. Jim and Mart then began the dangerous part of their plan. A two seated plane was hauled out, and seeing that the gas tank was full, they began to wheel it out noiselessly on its rubber-tired wheels.

A German aviator, hearing a slight sound, went to investigate. By this time the two Allied birdmen had the machine almost out. The German, instead of giving the alarm, ran forward. Jim and Mart saw him coming. Jim jumped in the plane, and Mart, whirling the propellor, jumped on the machine as it rushed past him. He shot the German, who was by this time close to them. The noise of the fight, and the roar of the engine awoke the other Germans, and they poured out just in time to see the plane vanish in the distance.

Fearing that his own men would fire on him, Jim landed in a wood just back of the lines. As dawn was breaking, he and Mart came out onto the main road. They hopped an auto truck, and were soon at their own hangar, busily engaged in eating.

George Conway

Wait 'Till the Cows Reach Home

The cows wandered aimlessly there;
A small mournful lad with a one piece band
Sat musing his tousled red hair.

The golden ball, casting a lingering glance at the pasture and a caressing farewell to the lad minding the cows, regretfully dropped behind the great purple mountains. With a groan the lad, but was it a lad, wearing a pink gingham dress, rose to his feet. "Darn it," he sighed, "I don't see why ma makes a fellow wear his sister's dress, just because he takes a little bit of jam. Worse than that," he continued to himself, "I don't know how to take the foolish thing off." Suddenly he stopped in his mourning at the sound of a whistle. It was no bird, that he knew, but perhaps it was a chum of his. Horrors, they should not see him in this uniform. Taking to his heels, he disappeared behind a bush as a man came into sight.

"Aw, don't hide, Lou," began a tender masculine voice, "you know this is our romance hour."

With a start, Red discovered that this was his sister's beau and a mischievous idea entered his head. Realizing that now was a chance to square himself with that sister for owning such a dress, he replied in a feminine voice, "Oh! Jack, dear, how you frightened me."

"But you know I wouldn't do that for the world," answered Jack in a pained voice. A rustle of skirts disturbed his endearing thoughts and he jumped up to find that his darling had deserted him. Pursuing the pink gingham figure he was surprised to find himself knee-deep in the stream where the cows drank. Could his Louise be capable of this treachery? After reaching the opposite bank, he looked around but could find no trace of the hard

hearted Louise. Leaning against a huge tree he drew out his handkerchief to mop his perspiring brow. A falling twig coming in contact with his head interrupted his work. Thinking little of this trifling incident, he resumed his laborious task only to be less gently reminded of a higher power by a rock striking his head.

"Introducing two of a kind," hissed a voice from the branches of the tree.

"Wait till I get you," warned the furious Jack, now recognizing the person above.

"You wouldn't frighten me for all the world, would you, Jack, dear?" questioned a scornful voice, "but", it continued in a sterner tone, "be careful of what you say, dear, for I have a few more love pats here."

"If you'll keep this all a secret, I'll give you a dime," stated the wily Jack.

"I'll be down in just a minute for the dime," called back an eager voice.

In less than a minute, Red was beside the tempter. Reaching out his hand, Jack grabbed his would-be sweetheart by the collar.

"Now, young man, you'll march home to mother and the shingle."

"Well," said he of the hopeful nature, "I think it was worth it, and maybe when ma hears it she'll forget the shingle," he finished with an impish grin.

K. E. Drennan

Editorial Notes

The *Student's Pen* is sorry to lose a member of the Staff, Mr. Merrill, who on account of his being in the Senior Play has resigned.

The *Pen* is up against competition. The Sophs have two papers and the Freshies one. Commendable ambition. The *Sophomore Courier*, the best of the competitors, is a corker. What will the *Student's Pen* be when the present Sophs manage it?

The Sophomores have taken the lead in contributions this time, although the other classes were not far behind.

John T. Power '20

SENIOR HONOR LIST

Senior Credit List

Pupils whose general average is at least 85% for four years: Eleanor Clark, Charles Allen, Ethel Zander, Marion I. Sheridan, Esther Baillargeon, Richard Gaul, Yvonne Hebert, George Hoag, Myla Doran, Anna Aronstein, Marguerite Loveless, Estelle Kevlin.

Senior Honor List

Pupils whose general average is at least 90 for four years: Dorothy Koepke, Edna Volin, John Farrell, Richard Mitchell.

German Kultur

Let us bow to German Kultur
And the wonders it has wrought
In the lands of France and Belgium
And the battles it has fought.

It has already trained the Turks
To a state of high degree,
It flourishes in Germany
From Berlin to the sea.

It fostered a mighty army
Of bewhiskered Bolsheviks
Who think that they can whip the world
Using nothing but their fists.

It brought forth gas, and submarines
Which attempt, with disregard,
To sink speeding merchant ships
When it finds them off their guard.

It has caused much untold suffering
For four long years and more
Just to show its wondrous teachings
In the frightful art of war.

It thought it could destroy the world
With its terrible machines
But it run its head against a wall
When it bumped 'gainst our Marines.

It had the Frenchmen running
The British were hard pressed, too
When Uncle Sam with untrained men
Showed the Huns what we could do.

But, today, the land of Kultur
Is seeking at fair Versailles
To obtain a peace with honor
That will cure these German ails.

Robert Kenyon

Home Again

Back from the blood stained fields of France
 Back from the awful War's sword and lance
 Back to America's cities and plains
 Back to home and loved ones again.
 Joyfully they come in proud array
 Thanking God for our Victory Day
 Smiling when they think of the Hun
 And how tirelessly he did run.

M. M. G. '20

JOKES**Science?**

Mr. Hewitt: Why are the days in summer longer than the days in winter?"
 Brilliant Student: Because heat expands and coldness contracts them.

Were They Union Men?

Mr. Burke—"What has been the profession of most of our presidents?"
 Weber—"Cabinet makers."

P. H. S. Team

Umpire—"Foul!"
 Fresh player—"I don't see the feathers."
 Captain—"Of course not, because this is a 'picked' team."

Here's a "Pippin"

Teacher—"How can 17 apples be divided among 11 boys?"
 Pupil—"Make apple sauce of 'em."

Mr. Leonard—"What are the four constituents of the air?"
 Miss M—"Oxygen, nitrogen, dust, and microbes."

The Last Resort

Mrs. Bennett in U. S. History Class—"If both the President and the Vice-president should die who would take charge of things?"
 Smarty—"The undertaker."

He Knew

Teacher to a class in English, learning the parts of speech—"Johnnie, in this sentence, 'All boys like to go to school' what is 'like'?"
 Johnnie—"It's a darn lie, ma'am!"

The attitude of some students toward their work is ably expressed by these three words, Gessit, fecit, misit. Ex.

Brave Man

"Was your husband cool when you told him there was a burglar in the house?" asked Mrs. Hamer.
 "Cool!" replied Mrs. Gabb, "I should say he was. Why he was so cool his teeth chattered."

Rather Rough

Adeline: "What would you do if you were in my shoes?"
 Madge—(after a glance at them) "Get a pair about four sizes smaller."

How Queer

Mrs. Bennett: Why does moss always grow on the north side of a tree.
 Brilliant pupil: To keep it warm.

Miss Mills: Klein, how do you translate "pellibus milites continuere non possent".

Klein: "The soldiers could not keep in their skins."

Freshie—What is the faculty?

One who knows—A body of men and women paid to help the Seniors run the school.

Au Revoir

Little bank roll ere we part
 Let me hold you to my heart;
 All the year I've clung to you,
 You've been faithful I've been true.
 Little bank roll in a day
 You and I will start away
 To a gay and festive spot.
 I'll come home; but you will not.

To Be Original

At High School it often seems hopeless
 To have an original style,
 But listen to me—try this re-ci-pe
 It's so easy 'twill make you smile;
 Just wear low shoes in winter—
 A shade hat while it snows,
 High black shoes for a dance,
 On hikes your newest clothes.
 Keep gloves to wear a-walking—
 Overshoes when it rains
 A fur coat when its very warm
 To wear on mid-summer trains.
 Take this advice, you will agree
 It is a simple re-ci-pe.

Doris Humphrey

STUDENT ACTIVITIES**Girls' League Notes**

On April 9 the girls of the aesthetic dancing classes of the Girls' League and the Girls' Club gave an exhibition of dancing to their mothers and girl friends. Several girls from the Girls' Club also Marion Britt, Ora Ford and Celia Davies from the League gave solo dances, some of which were original. Afterward a social hour was enjoyed.

The indoor track meet for the high school girls was held in the "gym" on April 11. Grace Cranston, the winner of the greatest number of points, received a yellow pennant bearing the letters "G. L." She obtained 34 1-2 points. Marion Britt was second with 23 1-2 points. The Misses Isabelle Merrill and Mildred Schwynn, who acted as judges, awarded points for military drill, posture, setting up exercises, folk dancing, rope-climbing, chinning the bar, boom travelling and racing.

The basket ball season for this year ended with the annual banquet, held in the gymnasium, on Saturday evening, May 3. During the banquet each class team gave their songs and "yells". The girls who received the "G. L." this year are, Grace Cranston, Bessie Moore, Alice Coffee, Zelde Saul, Margaret Kirk, Marion Britt, Mary Gaul and Alice Steele. These girls were very happy because their team, which represented the Girls' League was again the champion of a league, the other two members of which are the Dalton High School girls' team and the Girls' Club team.

On May 16 and 17 the members of the Girls' League gave their annual exhibition of physical training in the Boys' Club gymnasium. The exhibition of dancing by the high school girls was divided in three parts; two aesthetic dances given by the advanced class, two given by the first year class, also social dancing which included the fox-trot, one-step and waltz. Among the other numbers of the program were the military drill, free arm exercise, three folk dances, and a high jumping contest all given by the high school gymnasium classes of the League. In the grand finale all the high school girls faced each other, forming two lines the length of the "gym" and with American flags made an arch under which the grammar school girls marched.

Classes in tennis and hockey are now open to all who wish to join.

Margaret Pease, '21

Camp Fire Notes

Twenty-seven meetings of the Camp Fire Girls were held during April two being council fires, and five suppers followed by business meetings.

Three groups are selling non-alcoholic flavoring extracts so that they may earn money for camping during the summer.

Mrs. King Powell has resigned as guardian of the Canteyucan group and Miss Katherine Chesney has kindly consented to take the group.

It could be possible for several more groups to be organized if guardians could be secured.

Frances Fowler '21

Y. M. C. A.

The Hi-Y club held its first Co-ed Social, Tuesday evening, May 20. Games and dancing were enjoyed by the young people.

The Hi-Y baseball league has opened with four teams, The Trojans, The Invincibles, The Dodgers, and The Crescents.

The Y. M. C. A. has taken up its summer quarters at Camp Merrill, Pontoosuc Lake. Mr. Charles MacArthur is in charge of the camp.

George Kittredge

F. M. T. A. Notes

Saturday, April 26, about twenty boys visited the plant of the *Berkshire Evening Eagle* for the purpose of "seeing the wheels go 'round."

On April 27, State Detective Thomas E. Bligh gave the members of the society another very interesting talk which was much appreciated by all. After Mr. Bligh's talk there was a debate on, "Resolved, That there should be a League of Nations." The affirmative side was defended by John Gasson,

Gerald Messer and Richard Gaul, while the negative side was upheld by Joseph Gaul and Frank Mangan. The judges' decision was in the favor of the negative side.

On May 14, at seven o'clock the annual banquet of the Junior society was held. The affair was a complete success and made a fine and brilliant close of the most successful season the F. M. T. A. Juniors ever had.

J. T. H. '21

CLUB NOTES

Young Men's Debating Club

The Young Men's Debating Club holds its meetings every Tuesday morning under the supervision of Mr. Frank Burke whose hard work for the club has made it the best in the school. The club has fifty-three members, making it the largest club in the school. Many successful features have been held in the past by the club, including a mock trial and several very interesting and exciting debates.

There is being organized, a triangular debating league in which three schools will be represented. It is hoped everyone will come to these debates.

The present officers of the club are: President, Edward Coster; Vice-President, Benjamin Wolfe; Secretary and Treasurer, Ralph Barber.

T. J. K. '21

Electrical Club

The study of the X-Ray has been completed. For two meetings the Camera and Electrical Clubs united, Mr. Sylvester taking several X-Ray pictures of the hand. Great interest was displayed during these sessions and much enjoyment was taken.

On April 22, work on the wireless was begun and good progress is being made. Aerials, senders, receivers and all the other equipment that goes with a wireless have been set up, the only difficulty being experienced with the coherer and decoherer which fails to work properly when under the influence of the current.

Owing to Mr. Hewitt's generosity the club has one of the finest receivers and when the difficulty encountered is overcome the club will have a wireless to be proud of.

H. Shepardson '20

Camera Club

The Camera Club spent two meetings with the Electrical Club, trying to take X-Ray photographs. The success was rather doubtful. Since then the Club has learned printing, and is printing pictures in large quantities every week. Mr. Sylvester intends to take up developing again for the benefit of those who did not belong to the Club when it was taken up some time ago.

H. E. A. '20

French Club

The French Club is holding meetings regularly each week. Miss Bates is in charge. The officers are as given in the last *Pen* and need no mention.

All conversation in the club is in French and each week a committee is appointed to provide some entertainment for the succeeding meeting. The method of naming this committee is rather novel; as each member is supposed to have some news item to be given in French, those who neglect to do this form the next committee. Mr. Gilbert is a standing member.

It has been decided to give up the French play because those needed for the cast were too busy to devote the necessary time for rehearsing.

Carl Dole

Secretary

Latin Club

The Latin Club holds the interest of its members, because of the variety of interesting subjects taken up at each meeting. Two of the last four meetings were devoted to card playing! Something you never heard of before in the report of a club, not a plain, uninteresting card game like you are (perhaps) accustomed to play, but a real, live, interesting Latin game, wherein the knowledge of the principle parts of Latin verbs featured. Miss Eva Prediger won both games, she being a card shark.

At another meeting an interesting description of the Palace of the Sun was dug out of the depths of Ovid, but last and not least was the meeting at which Miss Mills, a prominent member of the faculty, took up the subject of Latin mottoes and aided the club in translating them into English.

Clark B. Harding, Secretary

Civics Club

In the previous numbers of the *Student's Pen* there was no mention made of the Civics Club. But we have one and it is one of the best and most interesting clubs that was organized.

The first meeting of the Civics Club was held March 24, 1919, under the supervision of Mrs. Bennett. The following officers were elected: President

Marion Meehan; Vice-President, Grace Drennan; Secretary, Margaret McNeil and Treasurer, Lenora Lehman. The League of Nations was an absorbing topic at all the meetings. The league was discussed in such a manner that the interest of the members was raised to the highest degree.

A meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Bennett Friday evening, April 18, 1919. The Misses Nilan and McGill presented their arguments for and against the League of Nations and a general discussion by the club followed.

At the meeting of May 13, Mrs. Bennett gave an interesting account of the 77th division and the Victory Loan parades which she had seen on her recent trip to New York.

An interesting proposition was brought up at the meeting of May 20. The club proposed a historical trip to a place of historical interest. No definite time or place was named. A committee consisting of the Misses Meehan, Chesney, Nilan, McNeil and Chain was appointed to get all particulars concerning the trip and to make a report at the next meeting.

The club takes this opportunity to thank Mrs. Bennett for her conscientious and untiring efforts in placing the club at its present high standard.

Sara Chain '19

The Astronomy Club

This is the first time that the Astronomy Club has been represented in the *Student's Pen* and so the history of the club will also be included in this report.

When the club was first organized there was not much interest aroused in it, but since then the membership has been increasing rapidly until now there are about 20 members in the club.

Astronomy is a very interesting subject and as we have a very good teacher, namely Miss Rice, and also have had the good fortune of having Mr. Hulsman drop in occasionally we have learned many interesting things about the stars that we never dreamed of before. Did you ever know that stars have their certain seasons in which they can be seen and that they make many interesting pictures across the sky? No. I don't believe you did, nor did we, the members of the club, until Miss Rice with her interesting conversation and unlimited knowledge told us all about them.

A couple of weeks ago, as the stars do not change their position much at this time, Miss Rice suggested that we take up the study of birds that inhabit the Berkshire Hills. This suggestion met with hearty approval from all and so, for the time being we are studying birds and I dare say the subject is more interesting than astronomy. Every week the members of the club bring in descriptions of the birds they have seen in the past week and it is surprising to see how many different species of birds there are in our own Berkshires.

Alex W. Milne '21

ATHLETICS

The P. H. S. Baseball Season

The P. H. S. baseball season opened April 12, 1919 at Pawling, in a manner which some would consider very discouraging. But we do not interpret the opening of our baseball season as depressing since the Pawling preparatory school produces teams which should be playing college freshmen and not high school teams. Furthermore, the team which represents Pawling in baseball this year is practically the same team that represented Pawling in the same branch of athletics last year. It must also be remembered that the Pawling school is not a member of the Berkshire county league and therefore the defeat at the hands of Pawling will have no effect on the final results of the Berkshire County league.

Mr. Leonard of the faculty who is the coach of our team can be relied upon to have the boys make a good showing against the high schools in Berkshire County.

Athletic Notes

An election for baseball manager was held May 16, 1919. The candidates were Coster and Gleason. Coster received three hundred and fifty-nine votes and Gleason received three hundred and sixty-eight. Gleason was elected. Coster was appointed assistant manager.

Pawling vs. P. H. S.

This game marked the opening of our present baseball season. Pawling's veteran nine defeated our inexperienced baseball representatives by a score of 18 to 0. This defeat for our team is excusable, because of the fact that it was the first game for our nine this season. Another reason why our boys made such a showing is that we no longer have as many baseball players in this school to choose from as we used to have. It appears that as soon as the ninth grade was eliminated from the grammar school that athletics in this school were killed as far as champion teams were concerned. The reason is that by the elimination of the ninth grade from the grammar school the students are enabled to graduate from high school, one year younger. Therefore, since they graduate from high school one year younger, our school loses one year of their services in athletics.

Williamstown H. S. vs. P. H. S.

Three cheers our team squeezes out a winner over Williamstown high school. The Williams team started off as if it was going to defeat our nine in great fashion. It secured three runs in the first inning. But, from the second inning on it was a different story. Guess why. Our cheering squad got in action. This game was proof of what a cheering squad really can accomplish. For as soon as the cheers from our cheering squad were resounding on the ear drum of our boys the tables turned in favor of Pittsfield. The credit for winning the game certainly belongs to Garbarino, who in the ninth inning with one man on base scored a single which developed into a home run on account of errors. The final score was 5 to 4.

Hallock vs. P. H. S.

This game was postponed on account of rain. The game should have been played on the common.

Drury vs. P. H. S.

Our ancient rival Drury, defeated our school's ball players by a score of 9 to 7. Auger pitched for the first three innings, but was poorly supported. Pittsfield played better ball when Auger was shifted to shortstop and Hunt went into the box. Hunt fanned seven men and allowed only four hits in four and one third innings. Our team scored five runs in the last two innings and made things interesting for our up-county rival. Naughton featured in hitting for our school. He made four safe hits out of five trips to the plate.

P. H. S. vs. Hallock

Again rain intervened, the game being postponed on account of wet grounds. It seems as if fate won't allow our team to have a game with Hallock. The game was to have been played at Hallock.

Adams vs. P. H. S.

Once more our nine is prevented from playing on account of rain. The game was scheduled to be played at Wachonah park.

Cheering Squad

It appears to us that a few words must be said about the cheering squad. It goes without saying that a cheering squad is an asset to any school team. Practically every high school has a cheering squad and therefore we are desirous of having our school be one of the majority and not one of the minority in this respect. We urge most earnestly that all students attend all games played by our school, and that these students form a cheering squad and help lead the team on to victory. Below are printed some cheers. It is hoped that the student body will avail itself of these cheers.

SONGS**I**

Tune: Cheer for Amherst

Cheer for old Pittsfield, Pittsfield must win,
Fight to the finish, never give in, RAH! RAH! RAH!
You do your best, boys, we'll do the rest, boys,
Fight on to victory. RAH! RAH! RAH!
(Repeat, but omit final Rah's)

V

Tune: I've Been Working on the Railroad

I've been working on the gridiron,
All the live-long day,
I've been working on the gridiron,
Just to pass the time away.
Don't you hear the captain shouting,
Rise up, old Pittsfield, in your might,
Knock the stuffin's out of Drury,
Knock them out of sight.

VI

Tune: Dear Old College

If you want to go to Pittsfield, just come along with me,
By the light, by the light, by the light of the moon.
If you want to go to Pittsfield, just come along with me
By the light, by the light, by the light of the moon.

Chorus:

By the light of the moon, by the light of the moon,
By the light, by the light, by the light of the moon.
If you want to go to Pittsfield
Just come along with me,
By the light, by the light of the moon.

THE LONG PITTSFIELD

P-i-t-t-s—field, P-i-t-t-s—field,
 Rah, rah, Rah, rah, Rah, rah, Rah, rah,
 P-i-t-t-s—field. Team! Team! Team!

THE YEA YELL

Yea, ———.
 Yea, ———.
 Yea, Yea, ———.

Je hah, Je hah, Je hah hah,
 Pittsfield, Pittsfield, Rah, rah, rah.

Ki yi yi, Sis boom bah,
 Pittsfield, Pittsfield, rah, rah, rah.

Rah, hoo, rah, zip boom bah,
 Hipizoo, Roozoo, wah hoo wah! Pittsfield!

P. H. S. rah, rah, rah. P. H. S. rah, rah, rah.
 P. H. S. rah, rah, rah—Pittsfield! (Each time faster)

Rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah!
 Rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah!
 Rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Pittsfield! (Faster)

Rah, rah, rah, Zip Boom Ah,
 Rah! rah! rah! Pittsfield!

Hoi, hoi, hoi, Rah, rah, rah! (3 times) (Faster)
 Pittsfield! Pittsfield! Pittsfield!

ALUMNI NOTES

A picture of Miss Katherine Tyrell '17 appears on the front cover of the *Pictorial Review*. Miss Tyrell was noted as the class beauty while at school.

Claude Halford '19 has entered Mt. Vernon school where is he preparing for college.

Joseph Newell '17 has been released from the navy and has accepted a position at the Newport News shipyards.

Wallace Mattoon '19 has entered Eastman business college at Poughkeepsie N. Y.

Blanche Mapletoft '17 has been graduated from the Berkshire Business college and has accepted a position at the City Savings bank.

Charles Kahl, ex-'18 who recently visited the school has been in the navy for two years and has visited nearly all the important seaports of the world. Mr. Kahl is a radio operator.

"Pep" Fasce ex-'18 has lately reached home. The ship which carried Mr. Fasce to France was torpedoed by a German submarine and he was forced to spend sometime in the water. While in High School, Mr. Fasce was prominent in baseball, football and basket ball.

Miss Marian Farrel has been chosen as one of the Smith College students who are to do Y. W. C. A. canteen work in New York city this summer.

Harriet Gehrkins '19

EXCHANGES

The *Student's Pen* acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Criterion*, Bridgeport, Conn.; *The St. Paul's Record*, Garden City, L. I.; *The Weekly Ypsi-Sen*, Ypsilante, Mich.; *The Williams Record*, Williamstown Mass.; *The Magpie*, St. Margaret's School, Waterbury, Conn.

The Magpie, Waterbury, Conn. A very interesting paper. Your poems and jokes are especially good.

Weekly Ypsi-Sen. A lively little paper, but why scatter your jokes among your advertisements?

The Criterion. Excellent school spirit shown in your paper. Your jokes and editorials are both good.

The St. Paul's Record. Your editorials are very good.

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